

No. 23  
FEB.  
MCH.



PUSS 'N POOCH



# Leading COMICS

TEN  
CENTS

Introducing  
**PETER  
PORKCHOPS**  
AND A FLOCK  
OF BRAND NEW  
**ANIMAL  
FRIENDS!**



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A SHARP SORT OF CHAP  
WHOM TO SIT DOWN ON  
WOULD BE A MISHAP.  
BUT SHOULD THIS ADVICE PROVE  
TO BE ALL IN VAIN,  
COMIC BOOKS WITH THIS SYMBOL  
WILL BANISH ALL PAIN.



-ON THE COVER OF  
**MORE FUN  
COMICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN **ANY** COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

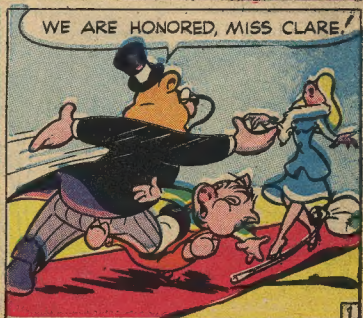
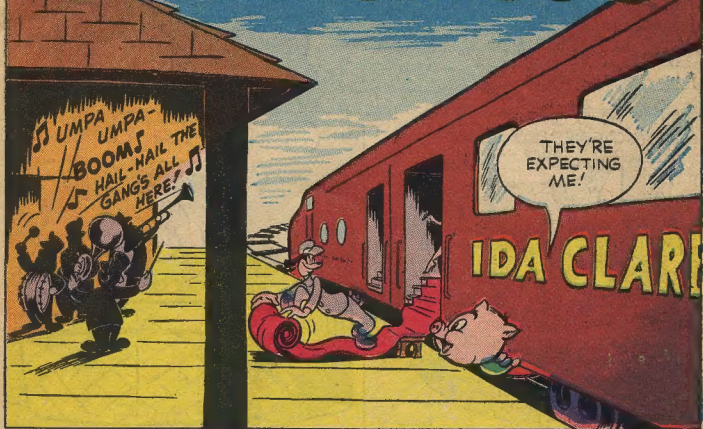
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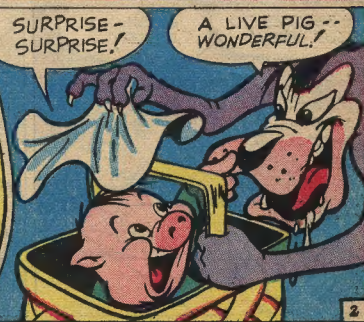
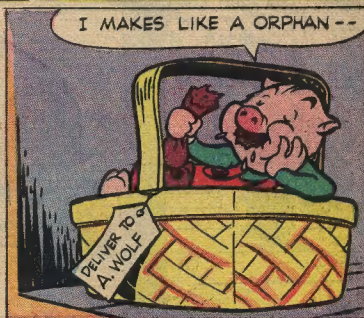
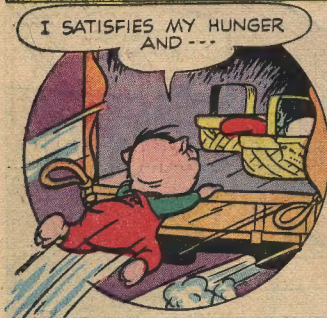
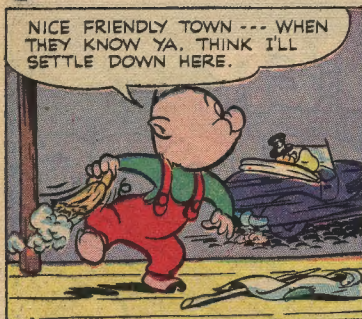
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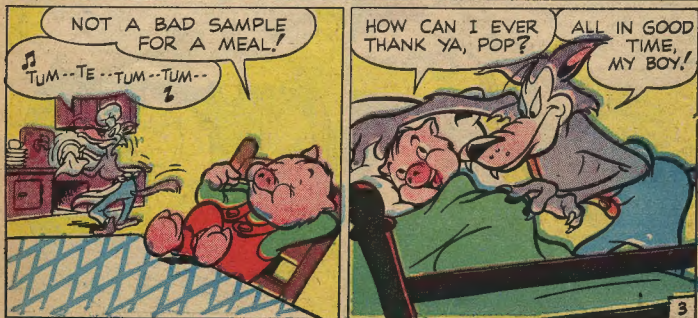
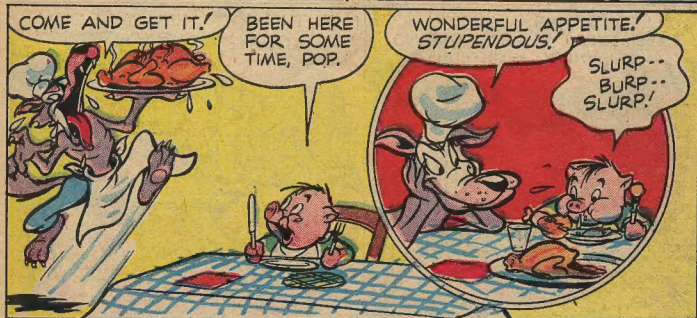


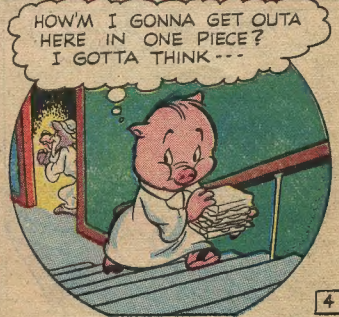
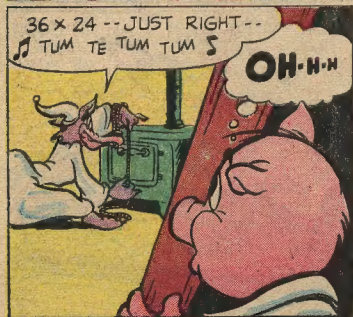
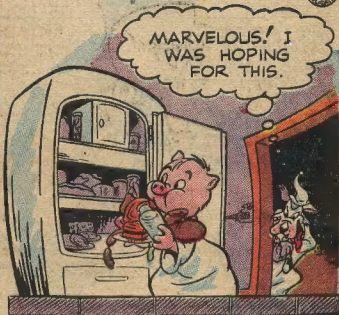
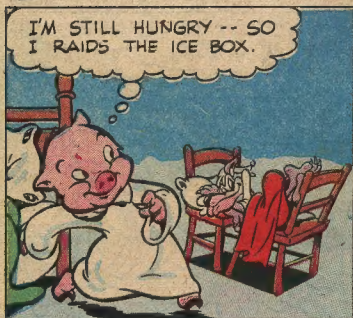
# PETER PORKCHOPS



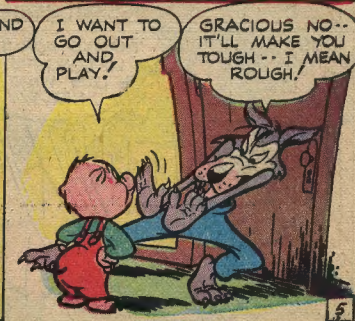
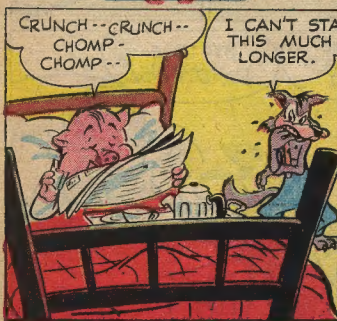
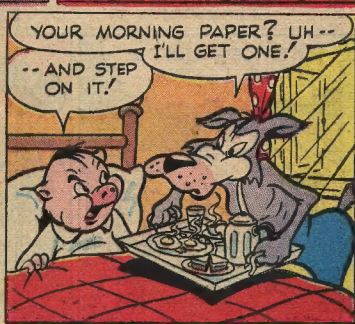
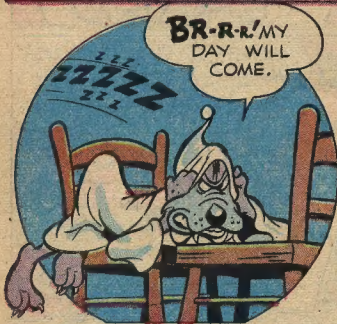
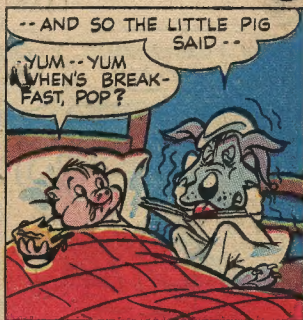
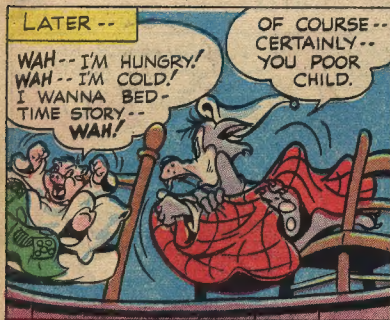










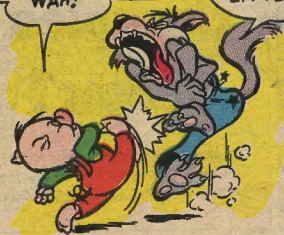




WAH -- NASTY MANS.  
I WANNA PLAY --  
WAH!

OUCH --  
WHY YOU  
LITTLE --

I MUST HUMOR HIM --  
I MUST!  
VERY WELL,  
DEAR. I'LL PLAY  
WITH YOU.

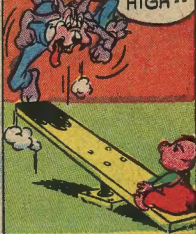
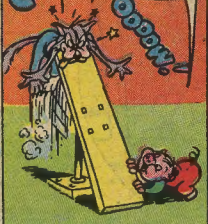


PATIENCE -- JUST A  
LITTLE LONGER.

CLUNK

OOPS -  
HA-HA!

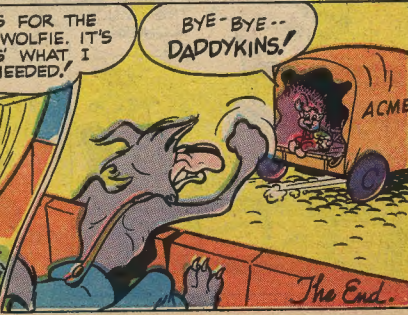
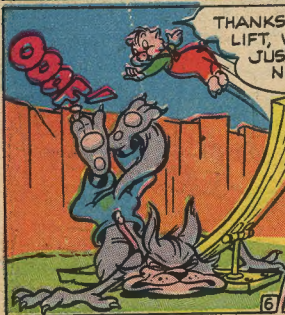
I'VE HAD ENOUGH!  
I'LL SEND  
YOU SO  
HIGH --



OOPS!

THANKS FOR THE  
LIFT, WOLFIE. IT'S  
JUS' WHAT I  
NEEDED!

BYE-BYE --  
DADDYKINS!





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# champion dancer?

Famous Dance Man Arthur Murray  
Shows You How in Wheaties  
New Library of Sports Book



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# PUSS 'N POOCH

LISTEN, PUSS, I  
NEED SOME HELP.  
I GOT TO GET THESE  
POSTERS UP.

YOU'RE WASTING  
TIME ON ME, SHERIFF.  
POOCH IS YOUR MAN.  
JUST FLATTER HIM.

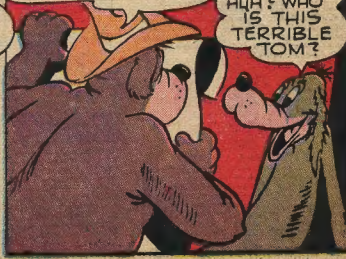
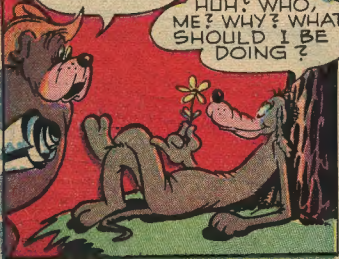


WHAT'S A CLEVER  
CHAP LIKE YOU  
WASTING HIS  
TIME FOR?

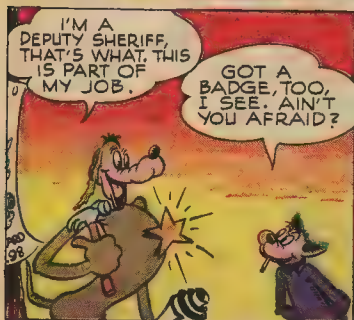
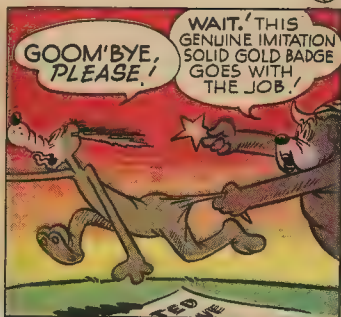
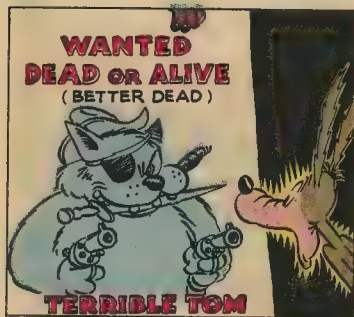
HUH? WHO,  
ME? WHY? WHAT  
SHOULD I BE  
DOING?

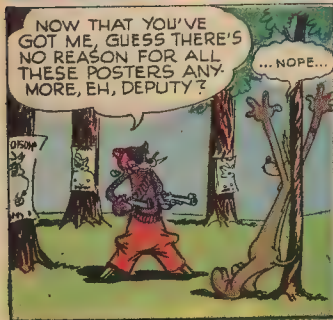
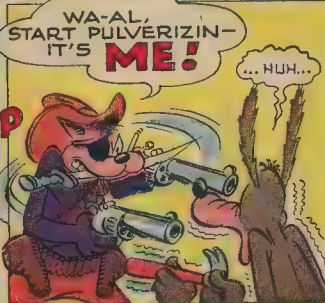
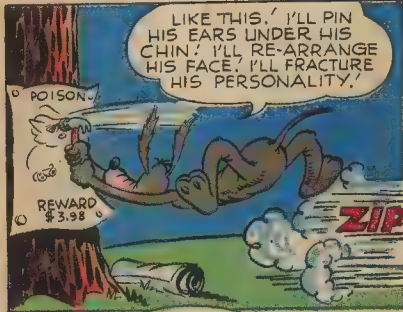
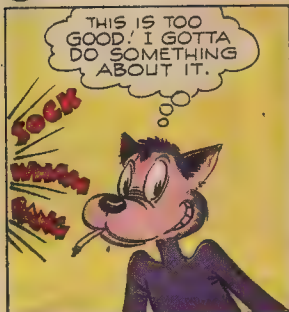
TERRIBLE TOM'S  
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!  
YOU SHOULD BE PUTTING  
UP THESE POSTERS!

POSTERS?  
HUH? WHO  
IS THIS  
TERRIBLE  
TOM?

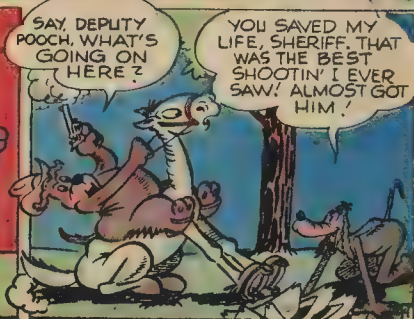
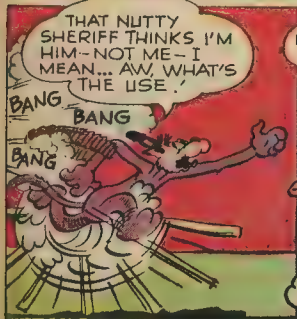
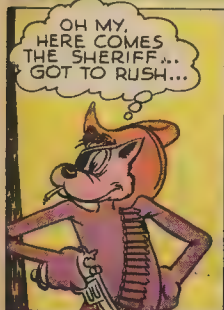
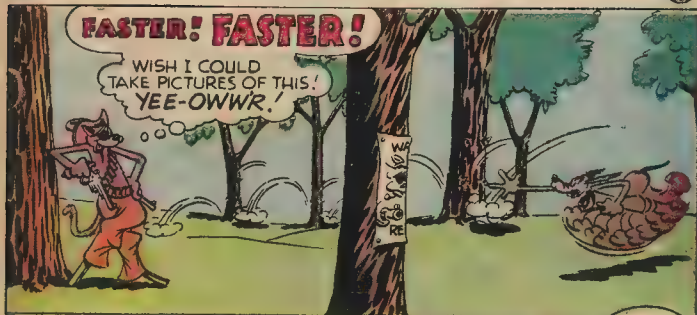


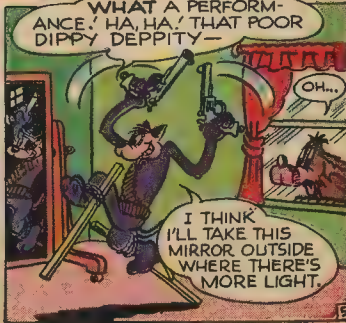
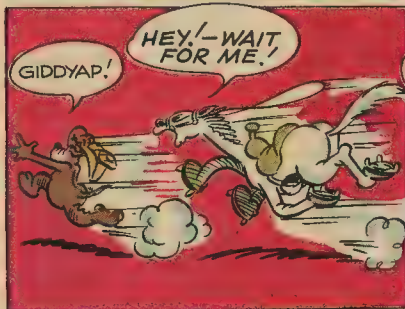
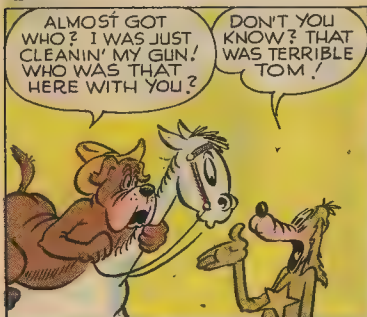




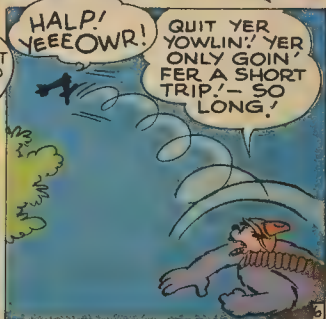
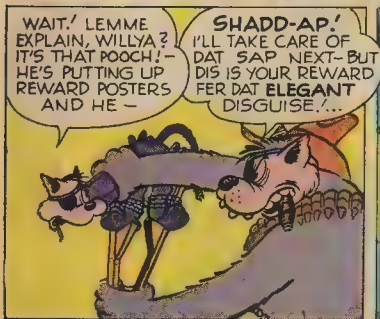
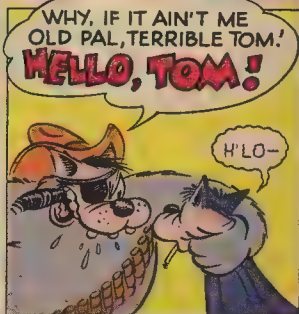
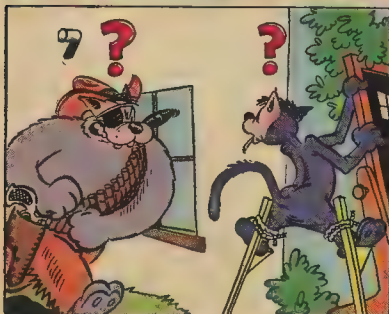




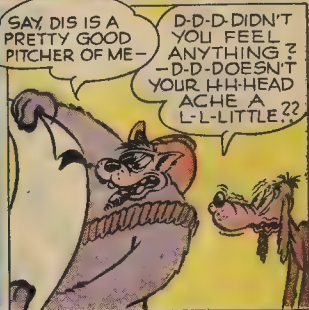
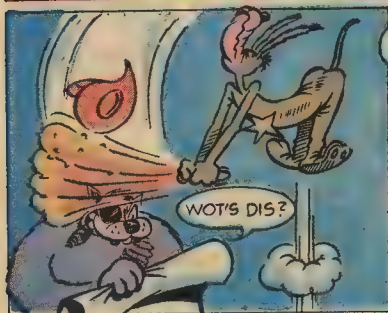
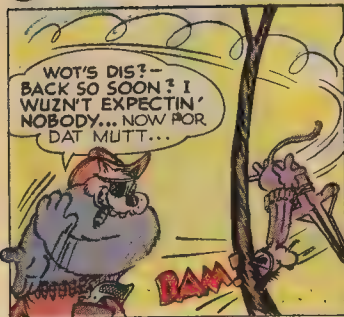




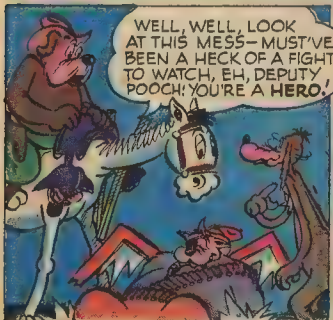
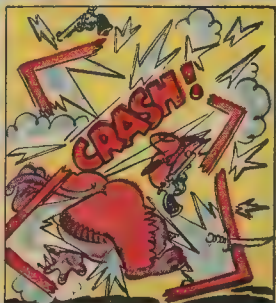
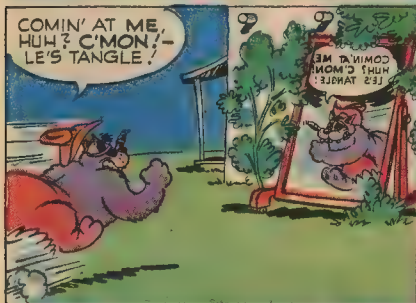
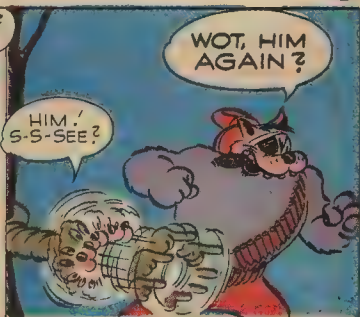


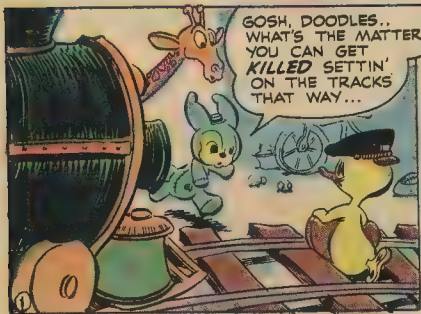
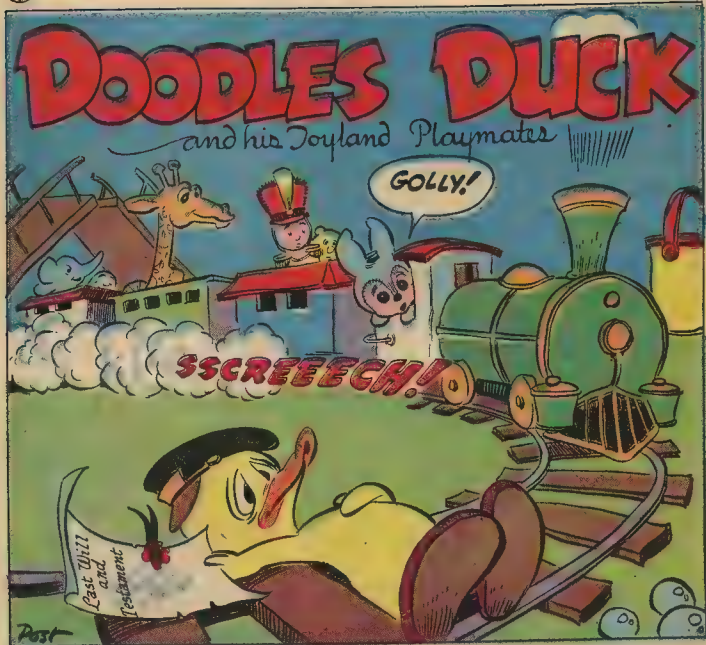


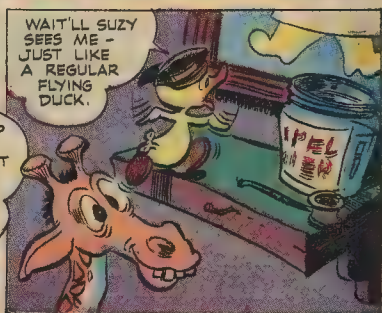
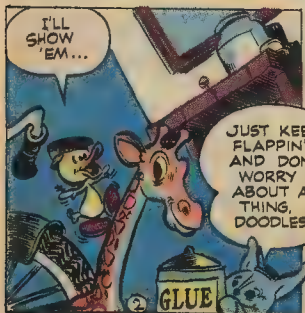
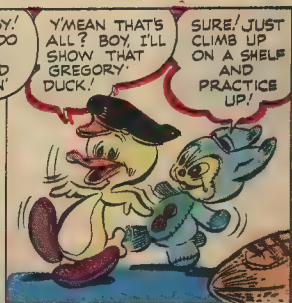
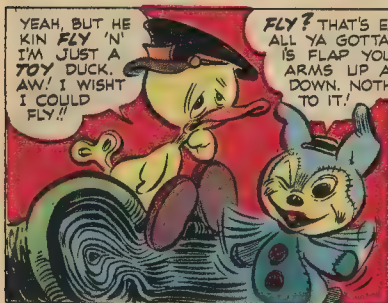
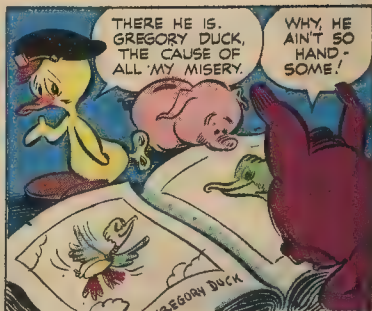
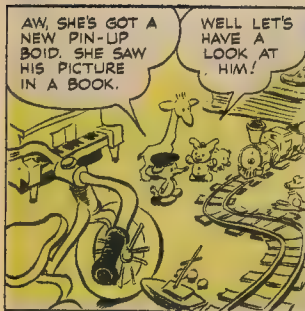
QUIT YER YOWLIN' YER ONLY GOIN' FER A SHORT TRIP!- SO LONG!



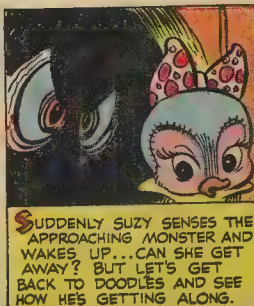
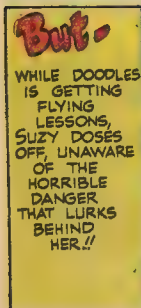
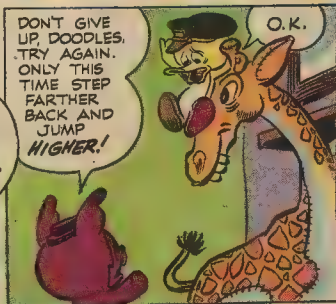
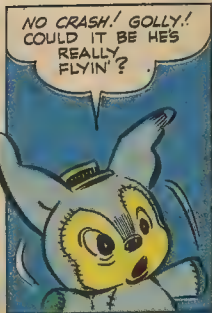
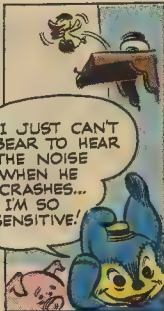
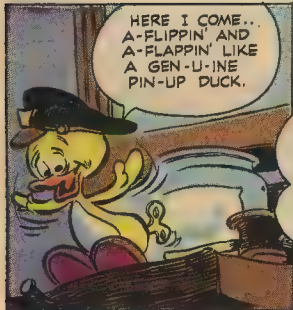


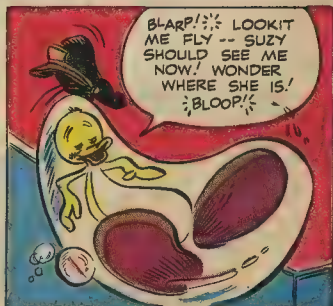
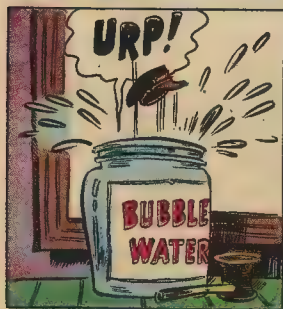




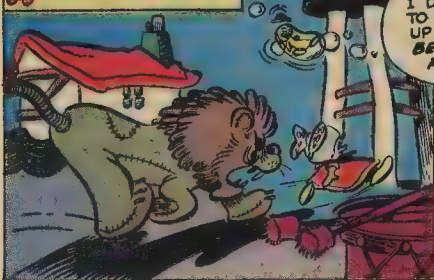




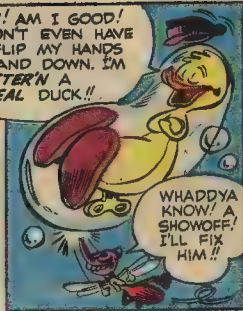




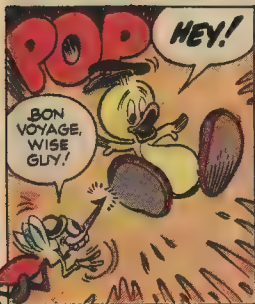
AT THAT MOMENT...



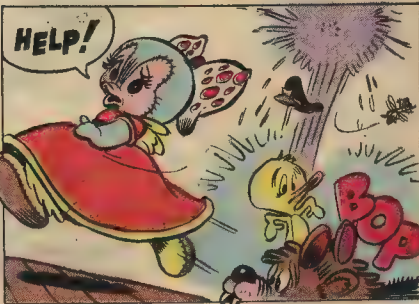
BOY! AM I GOOD!  
I DON'T EVEN HAVE  
TO FLIP MY HANDS  
UP AND DOWN. I'M  
BETTER'N A  
REAL DUCK!!



WHADDYA  
KNOW! A  
SHOWOFF!  
I'LL FIX  
HIM!!

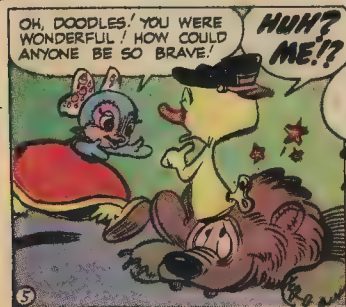


**POP** HEY!  
BON  
VOYAGE,  
WISE  
GUY!



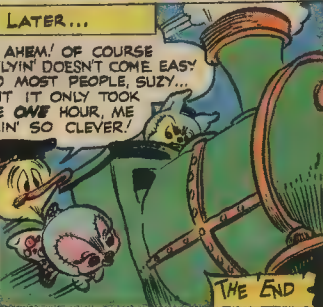
HELP!

**BOOP**



OH, DOODLES! YOU WERE  
WONDERFUL! HOW COULD  
ANYONE BE SO BRAVE!

HUH?  
ME!?

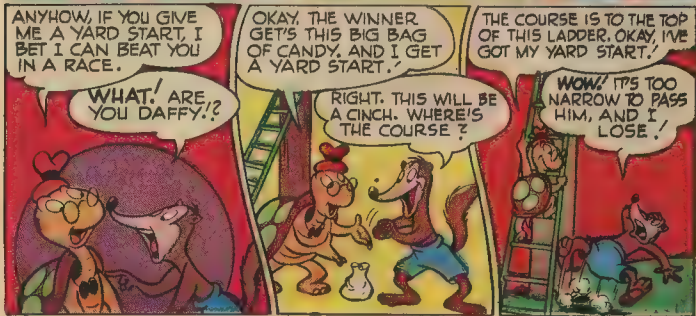
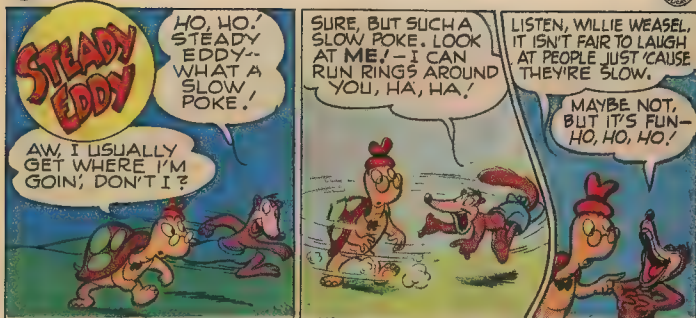


LATER...

AHEM! OF COURSE  
FLYIN' DOESN'T COME EASY  
TO MOST PEOPLE, SUZY...  
BUT IT ONLY TOOK  
ME ONE HOUR, ME  
BEIN' SO CLEVER!

THE END





**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF LEADING COMICS, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1946**

State of New York  
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the LEADING COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, submitted in section 357 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher National Comics Publications, Inc. 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Editor, F. M. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Managing Editor, none, Business Manager J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2 That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock; if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc. Harry Dorenfeldt, Gusie Dorenfeldt, J. S. Liebowitz, Roy Liebowitz, P. H. Ranspinner, Sophie U. Ranspinner, Jacob R. Liebowitz and Abraham

I Menin as Successor Trustees for Irwin Dorenfeldt, Jacob R. Liebowitz and Abraham I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Stolis Dorenfeldt, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affirm's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affirm has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1946.  
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 20, 1948)



# ROLY AND POLY

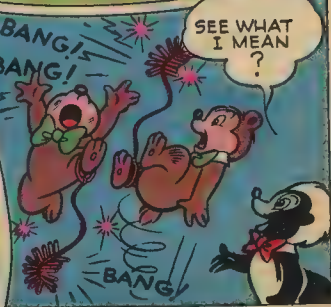
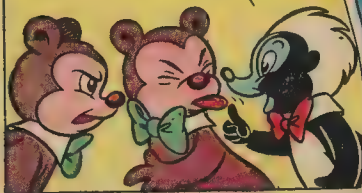
REMEMBER,  
I WANT YOU TO BE  
LITTLE GENTLEMEN  
LIKE EGBERT.

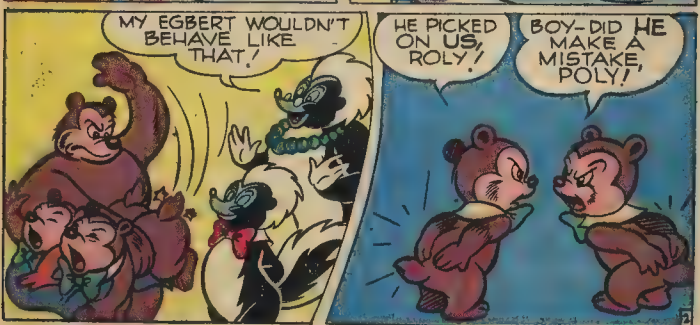


OH, BOY! WILL  
I GET A BANG  
OUT OF YOU  
GUYS SOON!

BANG!  
BANG!

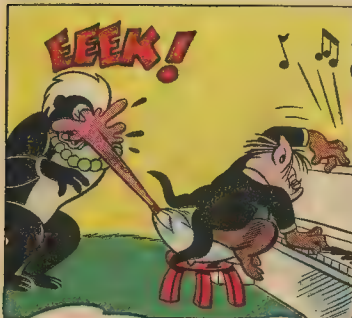
SEE WHAT  
I MEAN  
?











I'M SO SORRY—DEAR EGBERT'S SENSE OF HUMOR SOMETIMES GETS THE BETTER OF HIM.

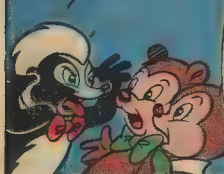
NYAAA! YOU THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO GET SPANKED!

OUR REPUTATION'S AT STAKE, ROLY. OKAY... BZZ-BZZ...

LATER...

IT CAN'T BE...

BUT I TELL YOU IT IS, ROLY.



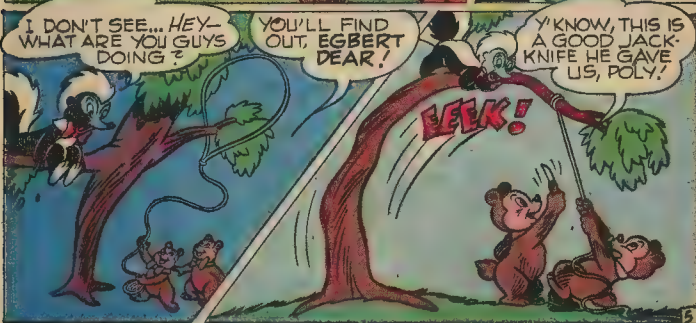
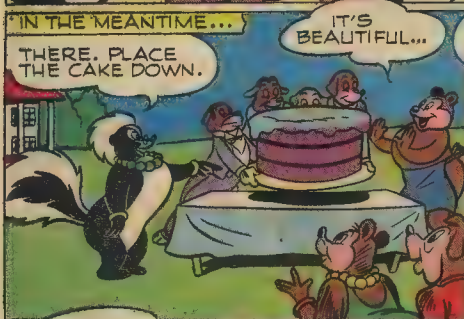
WHAT'S UP?

SOMETHING IN THE TREE, STUPID.

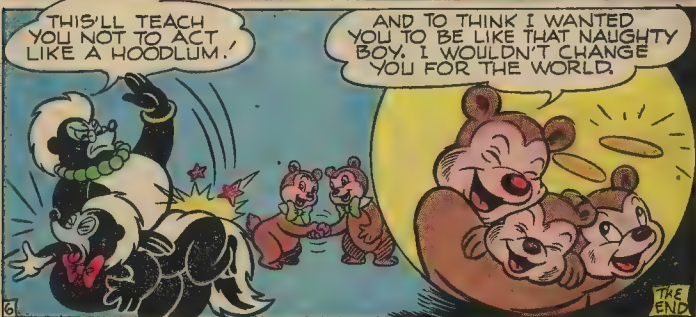
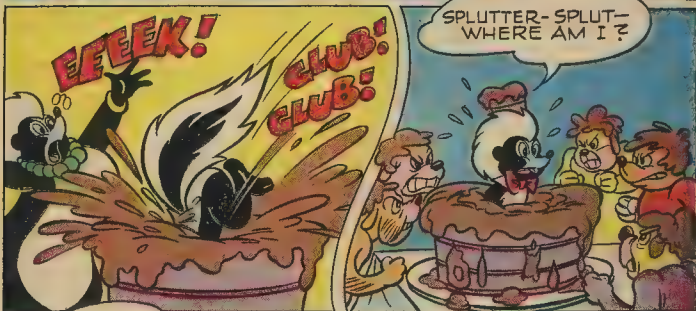
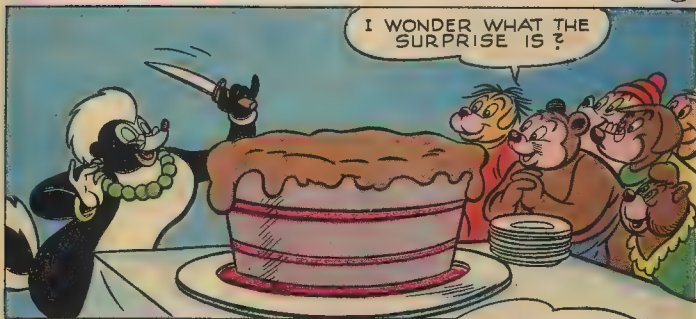
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

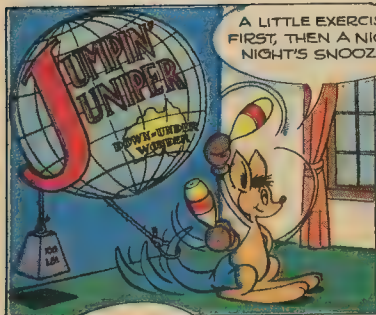
'COURSE YOU DON'T. IT'S A GOOKA BIRD NEST.





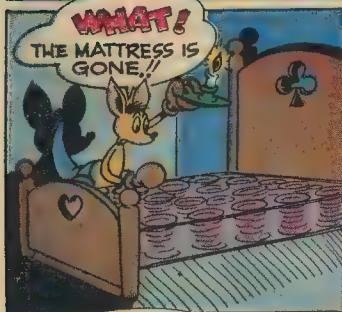
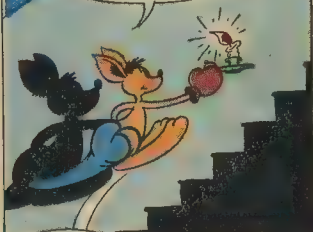




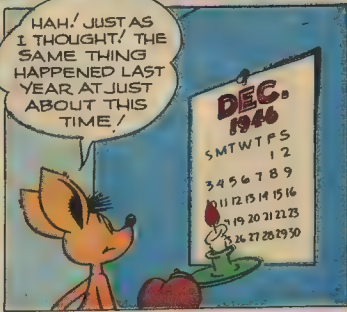


A LITTLE EXERCISE  
FIRST, THEN A NICE  
NIGHT'S SNOOZE!

I'LL SET THE  
CLOCK FOR BRIGHT  
AND EARLY.



**WHAT!**  
THE MATTRESS IS  
GONE.



HAH! JUST AS  
I THOUGHT! THE  
SAME THING  
HAPPENED LAST  
YEAR AT JUST  
ABOUT THIS  
TIME!

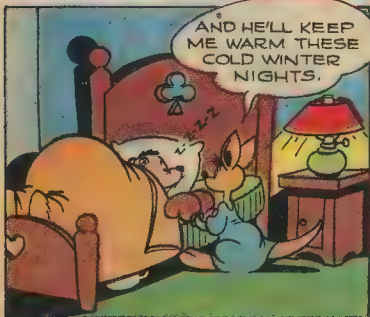
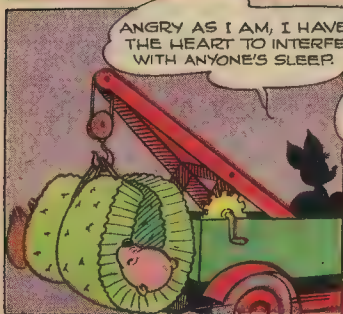
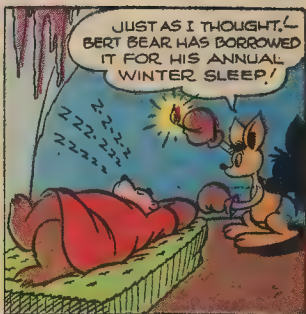
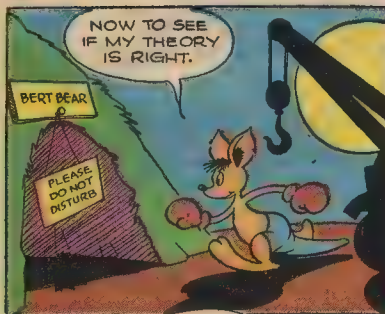
**DEC. 1946**  
SMTWTFS  
1 2  
3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
10 11 12 13 14 15 16  
17 18 19 20 21 22 23  
24 25 26 27 28 29 30



ONLY THIS TIME  
I THINK I KNOW WHERE  
TO FIND MY STOLEN  
MATTRESS!



NICE OF CUTHBERT COON  
TO LEND ME THIS OUTFIT-  
I'LL NEED IT IF WHAT I  
SUSPECT IS TRUE!





*Two of America's  
Most Famous Boys!*



TWO-FISTED ACTION-PAL  
OF FAMOUS, HARD-HITTING

**BATMAN**

**NOW** ON HIS OWN  
IN SINGLE-HANDED COMBAT  
AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!

IN EVERY ISSUE OF  
**STAR SPANGLED COMICS!**

- AND

**SUPERBOY**

- THE THRILLING, ACTION-  
PACKED STORY OF

**SUPERMAN**

WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

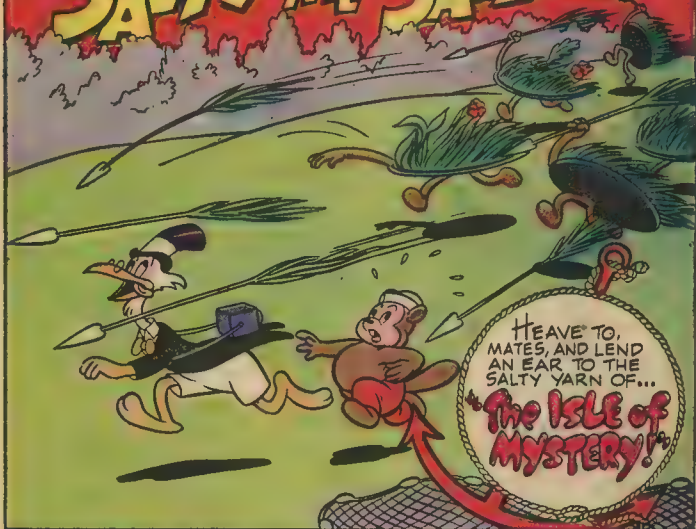
IN EVERY GREAT ISSUE OF  
**Adventure  
COMICS!**



BE SURE TO GET THESE TWO GREAT  
MAGAZINES AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

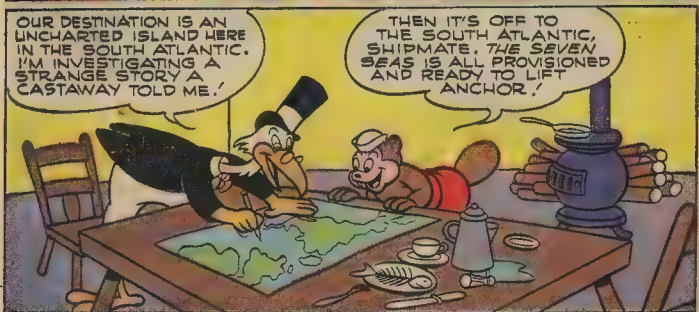
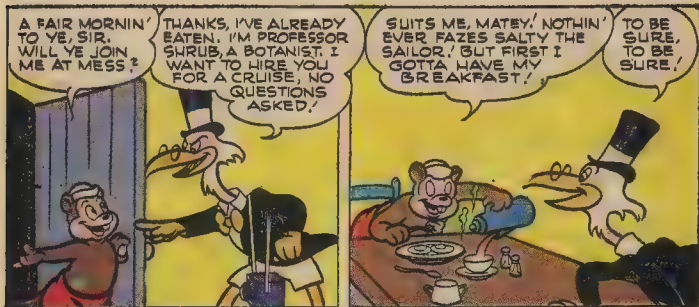


# SALTY THE SAILOR

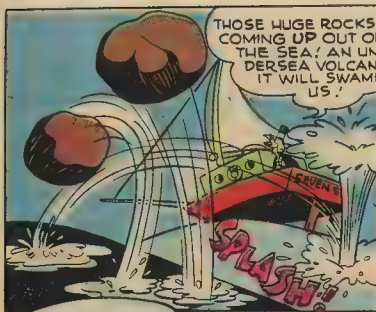


THE SNUG SHACK OF SALTY THE SAILOR,  
SKIPPER OF THE TIGHT LITTLE SKIFF,  
THE SEVEN SEAS...

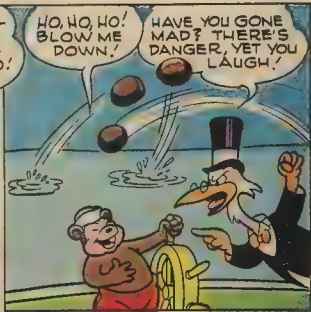






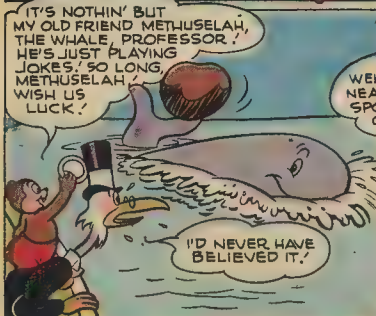


THOSE HUGE ROCKS!—  
COMING UP OUT OF  
THE SEA! AN UN-  
DERSEA VOLCANO!  
IT WILL SWAMP  
US!



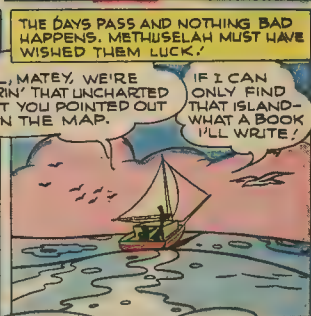
HO, HO, HO!  
BLOW ME  
DOWN!

HAVE YOU GONE  
MAD? THERE'S  
DANGER, YET YOU  
LAUGH!



IT'S NOTHIN' BUT  
MY OLD FRIEND METHUSELAH,  
THE WHALE, PROFESSOR!  
HE'S JUST PLAYING  
JOKES. SO LONG  
METHUSELAH,  
WISH US  
LUCK!

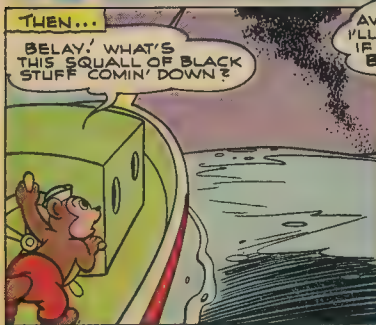
I'D NEVER HAVE  
BELIEVED IT!



THE DAYS PASS AND NOTHING BAD  
HAPPENS. METHUSELAH MUST HAVE  
WISHED THEM LUCK!

WELL, MATEY, WE'RE  
NEARIN' THAT UNCHARTED  
SPOT YOU POINTED OUT  
ON THE MAP.

IF I CAN  
ONLY FIND  
THAT ISLAND—  
WHAT A BOOK  
I'LL WRITE!



THEN...

BELAY! WHAT'S  
THIS SQUALL OF BLACK  
STUFF COMIN' DOWN?

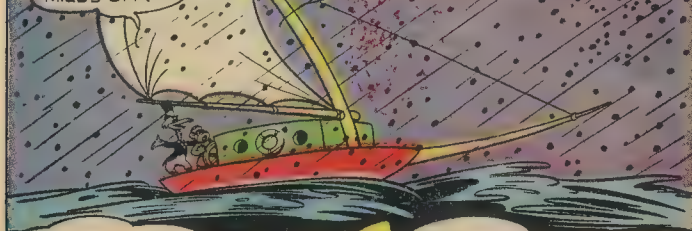


AVASTO THAR!  
I'LL BE A HADDOCK  
IF IT ISN'T SNOW,  
BLACK SNOW!

HA, HA. THAT'S  
JUST WHAT  
IT IS, SALTY.  
AND I'LL TELL  
YOU WHY!

WE'RE FAR SOUTH ENOUGH FOR A SNOW SQUALL, AND THIS SNOW GOT MIXED WITH AN UPPER AIR CURRENT OF DUST FROM PERHAPS THOUSANDS OF MILES OFF.

THAT'S MIGHTY STRANGE, PROFESSOR— BUT WHAT'S EVEN STRANGER, IS THAT WE'RE MAKIN' TWENTY KNOTS AGAINST THE WIND!

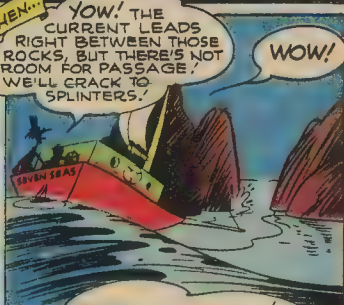
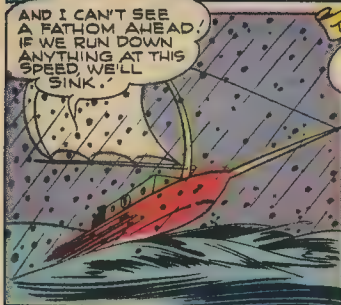


AND I CAN'T SEE A FATHOM AHEAD! IF WE RUN DOWN ANYTHING AT THIS SPEED, WE'LL SINK!

THEN...

YOW! THE CURRENT LEADS RIGHT BETWEEN THOSE ROCKS, BUT THERE'S NOT ROOM FOR PASSAGE! WE'LL CRACK TO SPLINTERS!

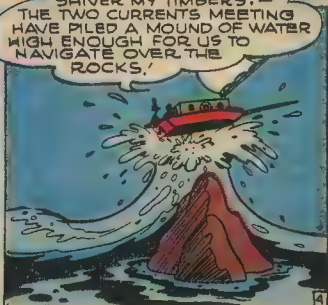
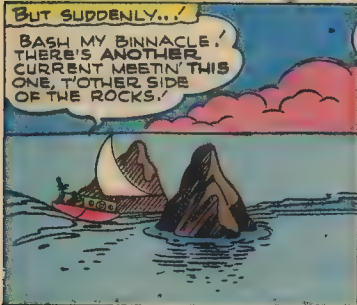
WOW!

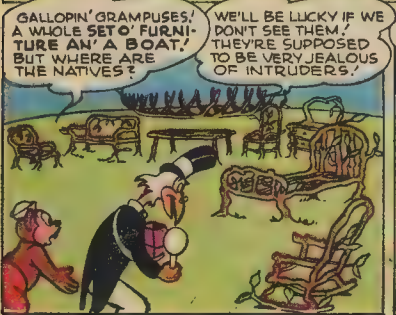
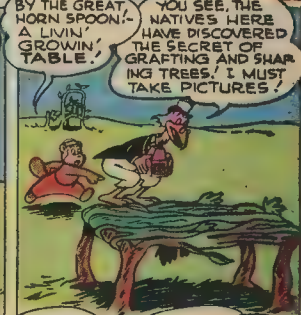
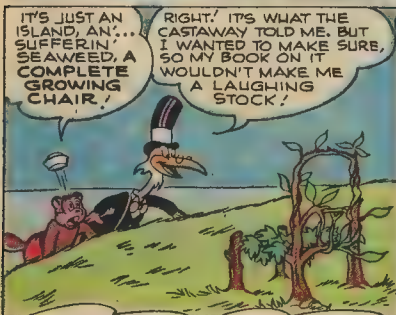
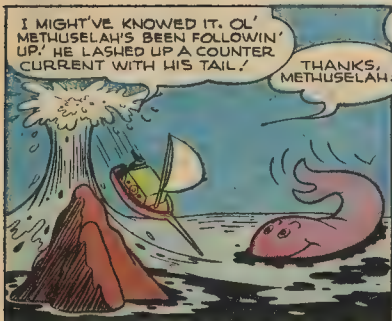


BUT SUDDENLY..!

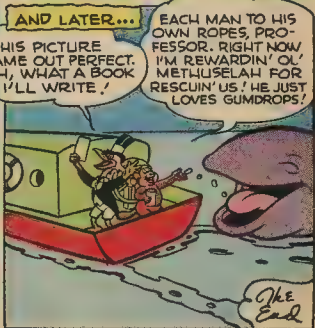
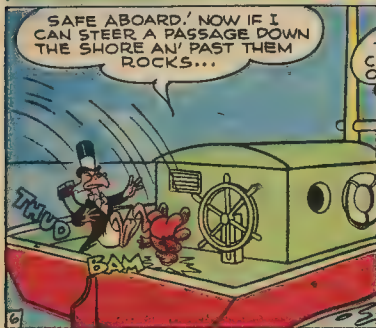
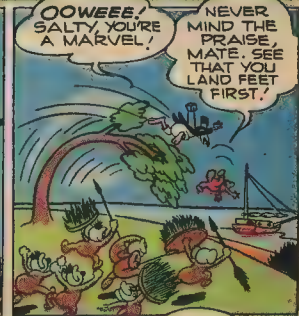
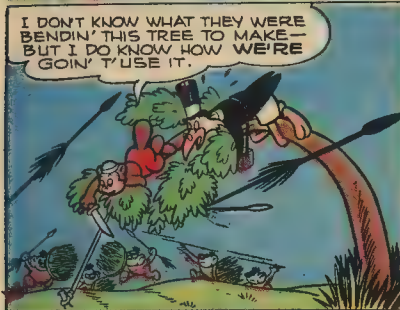
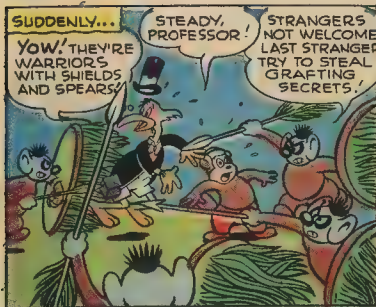
BASH MY BINNACLE! THERE'S ANOTHER CURRENT MEETIN' THIS ONE, T'OTHER SIDE OF THE ROCKS!

SHIVER MY TIMBERS!— THE TWO CURRENTS MEETING HAVE PILED A MOUND OF WATER HIGH ENOUGH FOR US TO NAVIGATE OVER THE ROCKS!











# PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE  
by JESSE MERLAN

## HOW THE TURTLE GOT HIS HOUSE

AS the last golden rays of the sun fell below the far horizon, the great yellow globe of a moon began its bright climb up into the night sky. All about, the trees and bushes and hills of the forest echoed with the calls of the forest folk preparing for another night of sleep. Tree toads trilled their last chirping calls that sounded like a shrill "Go-to-sleep! Go-to-sleep!" And the first owl began his long, sad question of "Who-o-o? Who-o-o?"

Quickly, all the sleepy folk began to settle down for the long hours of rest. Stevie Squirrel snuggled into his soft couch of oak acorns and started to nibble on a last nut. Cora Crow ruffled her feathers and took one last look around before dozing off in her cozy nest. Big Bernard Bear went way back into the warm darkness of his cave in the hillside, and in a few minutes the first sleepy snores of a drowsy world could be heard on, the soft wind.

But suddenly a sharp little voice underneath a giant oak tree cut through the silence of the night. "All you folks have to find a nest or a cave or a house to sleep in. Hohoho! Thank goodness, I'm a lot luckier than that! I always carry my house around with me."

From up in that tree, Patrick

Parrot turned his Irish blue eye down at the voice that came from the shadows below. "HARUMPF! Shure and begorra if it isn't Tommy Turtle!"

"I didn't mean to wake you up, Pat. And I didn't intend to boast. I just suddenly felt so proud of the fact that all I have to do to go to sleep is to pull in my legs and arms inside my shell house."

Pat chuckled a soft laugh down at Tommy Turtle. "Shure and sometimes I wish that I had as perfect-fitting a house as you have. Your shell must come in very handy when you go on a trip. Imagine being able to carry around your own hotel room. There aren't many folk that are as lucky as that, not with the housing shortage that we have nowadays. Why, there isn't an empty apartment or tree or cave in this whole forest city."

By this time the conversation between Tommy and Pat had quite a few listeners. Bernard Bear poked his head out of his cave door to see what was going on. And every bush and tree for yards and yards around had wide-awake sparkling eyes looking out of them. And three startled rabbits held up their big ears to catch every word of Pat's.

Then one rabbit popped the question that was always sure to start Patrick Parrot off on a story. "Doesn't that remind you of something, Pat?" piped up the rabbit. "How did Tommy Turtle ever get that house of his anyway?"

Philo Fox, who was just getting started on his round of moonlight prowling happened to be passing by at that moment, and he added his voice to the rabbit's. "Sure, go ahead and tell us one of those truth-stretching fables of yours, Patrick. You've got the whole forest wide awake anyway."

Patrick glared down at Philo and lashed him with a sharp little speech. "Oh, so my night-running foxy friend is disturbed because everybody's awake at my words, eh? Maybe it's because Farmer Brown's chickens will be awake too. And maybe that will spoil Philo Fox's plans about supper!"

Philo Fox mumbled something under his breath that sounded like, "That old bird is too wise. If only I could get my teeth into him some night. . . ."

And as Philo kept muttering, Patrick's triumphant laughter rang through the woods and acted like a bugle call for all the forest folk. Everyone from all about came trooping to rest under Patrick's

tree, and each newcomer took up the rabbit's insistent cry until there was a chorus under Pat's perch. "STORY! STORY! We want a story about Tommy Turtle!"

Patrick ruffled his feathers proudly. He always liked an interested audience. "Well, if all you folks insist, and if you can get Philo Fox to stop making those noises of disgust HO-HOHO! this is what I know about how Tommy Turtle got the house he now wears and lives in

"Once upon a time, billions of years ago, one of Tommy's ancestors named Mr Timothy Turtle, Esq. took a long trip to a new city The way Timothy traveled, it was a long trip. You all know about how s-l-o-w-l-y turtles travel even today. And this Timothy Ancestor Turtle wasn't too much faster Even though he didn't have to carry around a shell house.

"But at the end of his trip, when Ancestor Timothy tried to get a room for the night there just wasn't a vacancy to be had. Seems every hotel and tree lodging and bush barn and every type of shelter was all filled up. Well, Ancestor Timothy just had to get a room. You see, he didn't have any shell house. Tim was just a lightly dressed little fellow, and the night was awfully cold. And it kept getting colder as Tim tramped wearily from one hotel to the other, asking and pleading and even begging for a room. But every place had signs out NO VACANCIES! NO



LODGERS TAKEN! Tim was in a spot.

"At the last hotel that Timothy visited, he practically got down on his knees to the room clerk. 'You've just got to take me in!' pleaded Mr. T Ancestor Turtle. 'I'm an honest, working stone mason and I'm tired from my long trip. And I need a comfy place to rest in. . .'

"But the smart-aleck room clerk wouldn't listen to Timothy and wouldn't give him a room. I think that wise-guy clerk was a fox. Foxes have always been smart-alecks," continued Patrick with a sharp glance down at the still-muttering Philo Fox.

"That Ancestor Fox just told Ancestor Timothy Turtle to go build a house of his own. 'You're a stone mason, aren't you?' sneered the fox. 'So why don't you just chip and chop yourself out a house?'

"That speech gave Timothy Ancestor an idea. Tim just stamped out of that hotel and went across the street to a nice, smooth, round rock that was lying in an open field And he took out his hammer and chisel and began to pound away at that rock. And after a couple of hours of desperate chipping, lo and behold! Timothy Ancestor Turtle had a flat and comfortable one-room cover that he could slip into And it fitted him so perfectly that he slept soundly all through that night

"The next morning, that rock shelter looked so good to Tim that he just put a few extra finishing chops to it and made openings for his arms and legs and head. And ever since then . . ."

That was too much for Philo Fox. "That's the biggest whopper you've told yet And there's so much blarney in it that you'll never get anybody to believe it!"

"Oh, yeah?" sneered Patrick. "What is there about that story that you don't understand or believe?" The other forest folk just rested and listened to the Patrick Parrot-Philo Fox debate.

Philo began eagerly. "Here's



what's wrong. First of all, a turtle's house isn't made of stone—and second of all, no turtle could lug around such a heavy house—and . . ."

Patrick cut in and interrupted Philo. "I was just about to explain all that, you simpleton! Why don't you keep up with science? You see, I never said that Timothy Ancestor Turtle walked off with that first stone house. He just used that as a model. And when he perfected it, he had a scientist friend make him an exact copy in plastic. And that's the latest model that Tommy Turtle there is carrying around right now. A plastic shell that's light and smooth and comfy and fits just right."

Philo Fox was so taken by surprise that he didn't have an answer He just snorted in disgust and turned helplessly to Tommy Turtle as though asking for his sympathy

And as the forest folk began to head back to their lodgings for the night, Tommy Turtle winked up at Patrick Parrot and put an end to Pat's story "Well," piped Tommy, "there's a lot of truth in that fable we just heard. This shell house I wear feels like plastic and it fits me perfectly . . . and it protects me whenever any prowling fox tries to get his teeth into me. All I have to do is close up the exits for my arms and legs and head and stay shut up."

Philo Fox shut up too, and slunk silently away.





# PELICAN PETE

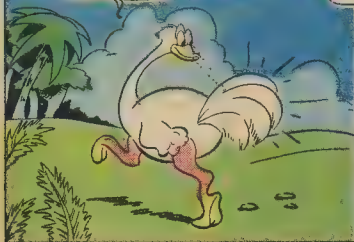
A CROW IS A CROW! RIGHT?  
AND AN OSTRICH! RIGHT?  
AND THAT'S WHY PELICAN  
PETE HAS AN EXCITING  
TIME TEACHING SOME OF  
HIS FEATHERED FRIENDS  
THAT ...

"FINE FEATHERS  
*Don't Make*  
FINE BIRDS!"



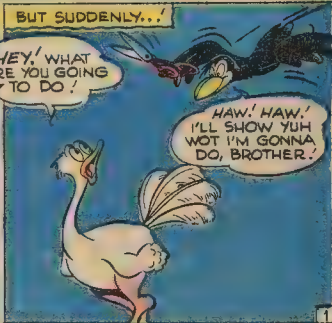
ORVILLE OSTRICH STROLLS FORTH ON A SUNNY DAY.

I SURE LOOK HANDSOME,  
DON'T I?

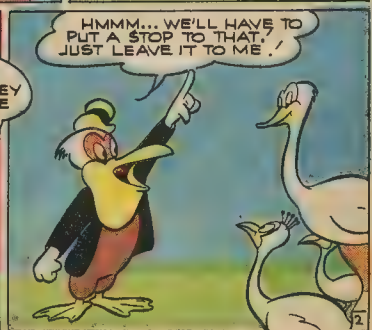
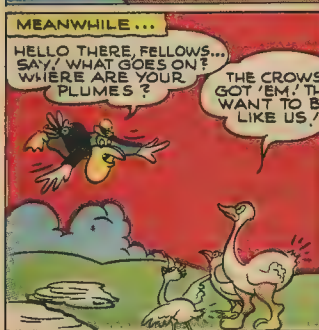
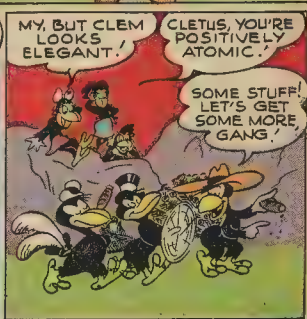
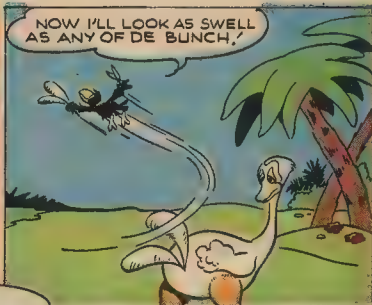
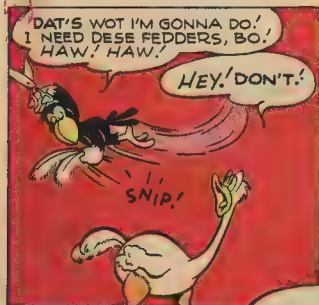


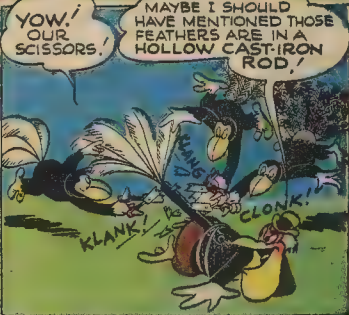
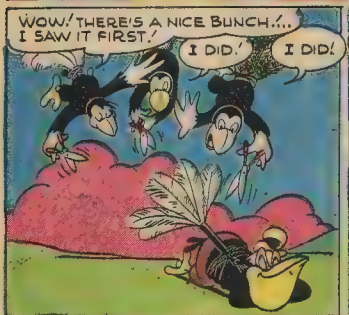
BUT SUDDENLY...

HEY! WHAT  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO DO!

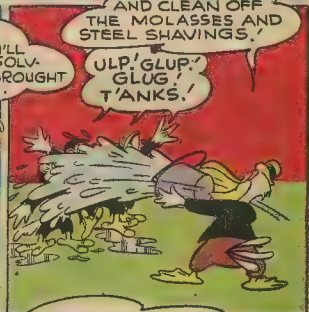
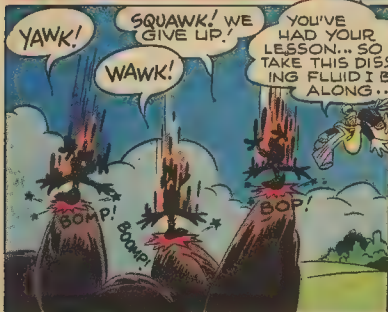
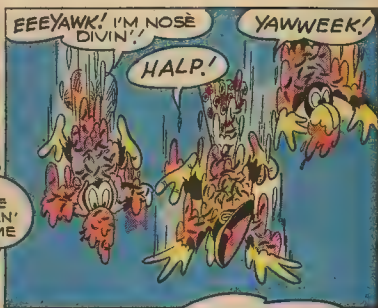


HAW! HAW!  
I'LL SHOW YUH  
WOT I'M GONNA  
DO, BROTHER!





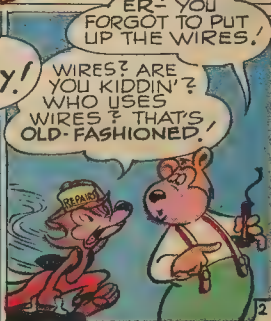
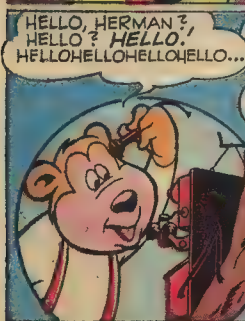
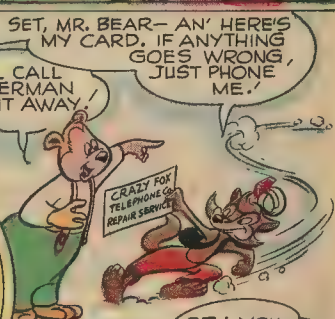
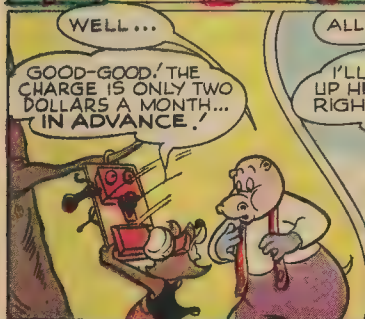
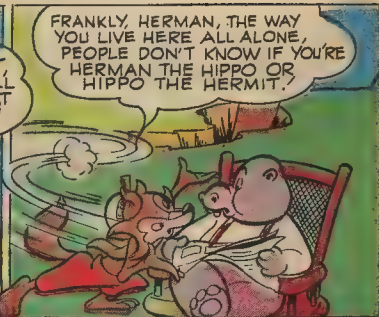
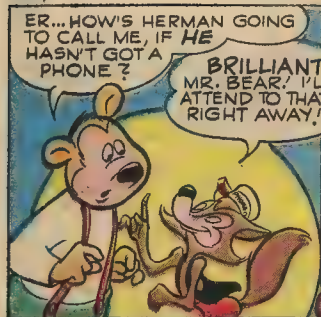






# CRAZY Like a FOX







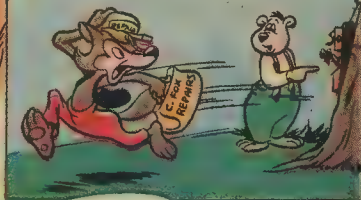


HMMM... EXOTHALMIC GROOGERS  
UNDER THE MANISMORGOROMETER..  
MAYBE A LOOSE FRANNISTOCK ..



DON'T GO  
'WAY! I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
BACK!

I WON'T. I'M  
EXPECTING  
A PHONE  
CALL.



HERE I AM. NEW PHONE...  
LATEST TYPE CALLED  
MEGAPHONE. ONE  
FOR HERMAN, ONE  
FOR YOU!

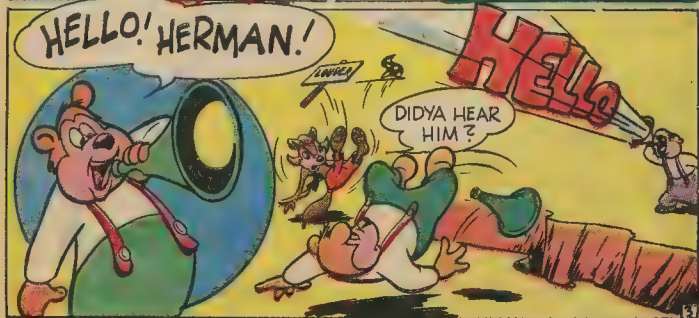


I HATE TO BE  
SO MUCH  
TROUBLE!

R-R-RRREADDYYY!  
SET! **START TALKING!**

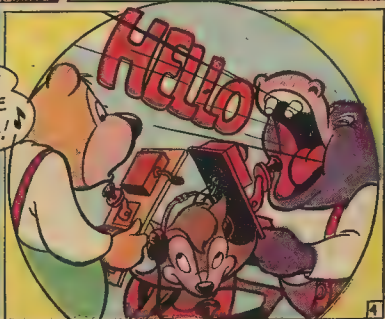
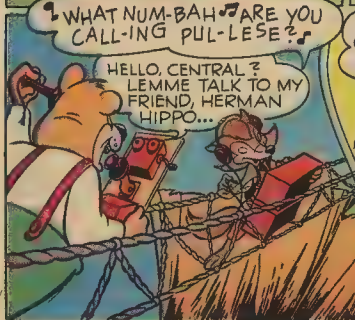
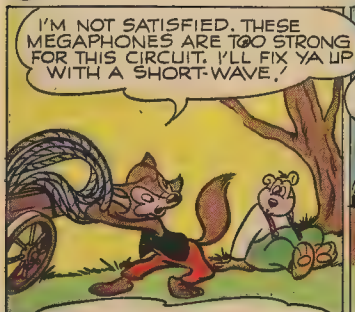


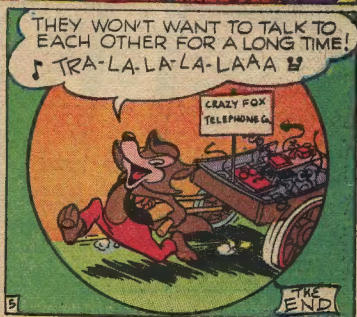
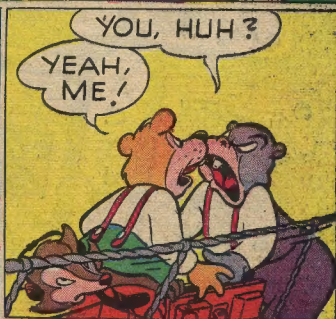
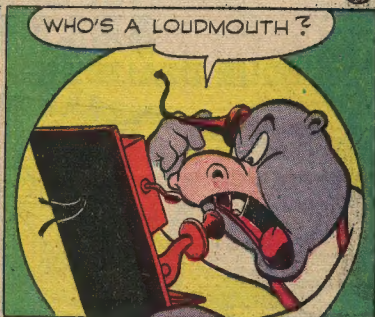
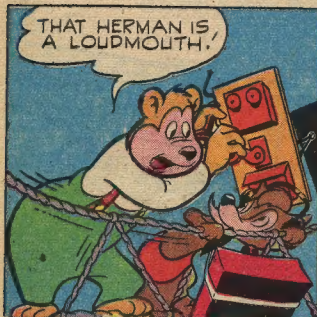
**HELLO! HERMAN!**



DIDYA HEAR  
HIM?

**HELLO**









# A PREVIEW OF MAGAZINES SELLING



## AT YOUR DEALERS!



SUSPENSE



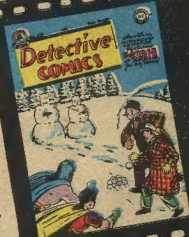
THRILLS



ACTION



MYSTERY



LAUGHS



EXCITEMENT



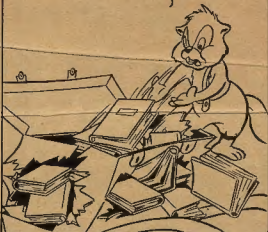
*This symbol*  *guarantees TOPS in reading enjoyment!*

# BIPPY AND HIS PALS

I GOTTA MOVE THESE  
OLD BOOKS OUT TO  
THE SHED.



PHOOEY! IT  
BUSTED!



I'LL CALL ELMER  
AND SEE IF HE'LL LET  
ME USE HIS.



SAY, ELMER, I'M MOVING SOME  
BOOKS TO THE SHED AN' MY  
TRUNK BUSTED. ARE YOU  
USING YOURS?

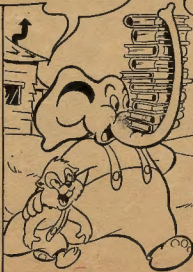
NO. I'LL BE  
RIGHT OVER  
WITH IT,  
BIPPY.



THAT'S ELMER  
NOW!



GEE, THANKS,  
ELMER. IT'S SWELL  
OF YOU TO LEND ME  
YOUR TRUNK!



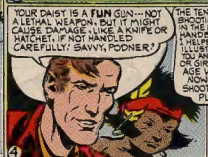
THINK NOTHING OF IT,  
BIPPY. I NEVER THOUGHT  
MUCH OF THAT ONE OF  
YOURS ANYWAY.





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by FRED HARMAN --- FAMOUS COWBOY CARTOONIST--- CREATOR OF RED RYDER



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